

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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THE TATLER

LONDON
OCTOBER 9, 1946

and BYSTANDER

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Angus McBean

Laurence Olivier and his wife Vivien Leigh

This distinguished theatrical couple are now appearing in different plays in the West End, Laurence Olivier in *King Lear* and Vivien Leigh as Sabina in *The Skin Of Our Teeth*. Laurence Olivier has gone from strength to strength these last three years both in the film world and in the theatre. In each new season of the Old Vic company he has revealed himself not only as a great actor, but as a producer and director of unusual gifts. This season, his *King Lear* (reviewed by Anthony Cookman on page 38), has been hailed by the critics as a most remarkable accomplishment. In November, the Old Vic are to make a second visit to Paris where they have been invited to perform at the Theatre des Champs Elysées for a week in *King Lear*. Vivien Leigh's return to the stage after her illness has been widely welcomed. Her outstanding film triumphs in both England and America are still fresh in mind

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH



I HAVE received an indignant letter from a lady in South Carolina, accusing me of sneering at America—and for some reason of particularly sneering at the State of Indiana from which she hails—and of belittling, or at least forgetting, American help rendered to us during this war and the last.

Alas! The writer's signature is illegible. The letter is twenty-two crowded pages long, is enriched with a giddy array of figures, and is informed by a curious conception of America's place in the world, of what constitutes suffering and want; above all it breathes that resentment of the least criticism which is so typical of many Americans, and which makes for unnecessary misunderstandings between our two peoples.

Errors Abounding

I CAN conceive few tasks more important today, when so much hangs on good Anglo-American understanding, than to remove the sort of misunderstandings in which this letter abounds. The writer of it is evidently well-travelled, no enemy to England, and obviously on the side of the angels. I feel confident therefore that she will forgive me if I endeavour to answer her in these pages rather than by private letter.

I will deal first with the issue of criticism. Towards the end of her letter she says: "I was always shocked in England at the petty personal abuse printed about Americans. Such items as 'loud-mouthed Yankees' and 'vulgar Middle-Western Babbitts.' It always struck me as being so ill-bred and senseless. You may comb our American Press and you will never find such ill-tempered terms applied to individual Englishmen and Englishwomen. We may disagree at times with your Government, but we do not vent our spleen on individuals."

Now, personally, I have as little use for nationalistic bickerings as I have for nationalism. To my mind, the horrors of modern science have turned national sovereignty and



national pride into a dangerous, extravagant anachronism we can no longer afford. Local pride, yes. I like to hear of villages that pride themselves above other villages on the excellence of their cheeses, the height of their men, the sweetness of their water, or the ardour of their girls. And I am the first to deplore a

thousand properties of the English scene—the English genius for discomfort, for instance, the wretched exclusions from the English club-existence which more than anything else is bringing to an end our Indian Empire.

Abuse No Monopoly

I AM sure, too, that just as the English Press does not go in for abuse of individual Americans, so the American Press does not castigate individual Englishmen. But that is begging the point. The truth is, ever since America's entry into the war, the English Press and English "war-books" have been far kinder to the Americans than the Americans have been to us.

I well remember the discretion with which we reported the first American reverse in North Africa—a discretion which was certainly not practised by the New York newspapers. I can recollect no English abuse of American armed forces and generals, to correspond with Ingersoll's *Top Secret*. There is much that liberal-minded Englishmen might say of present



American policy in China, Japan, and the Pacific islands. They do not say it. But hardly an American book or article on foreign affairs is complete without the traditional sneer at "British Imperialism." The Wallace incident is but the latest and most obvious example. I imagine the rumpus if one of H.M.'s Ministers talked of "American Imperialism."

The difference between the attitudes of our two peoples is a matter for remark, rather than resentment. Let us recall how self-righteous we were a century ago, how when in the 'fifties Mr. Gladstone reproached an Austrian statesman with the Austrian treatment of Italian political prisoners, he was met with a gentle reminder of the unholy conditions in English slums. In those days we English, the authors of the monstrous industrial tyranny, saw fit to lecture the rest of the world, as America lectures us now. The rest of the world resented it. The lady from Indiana, now living in South Carolina, must not feel too severe an irritation if occasionally we revolt against a similar complacency and self-righteousness in her own country today. The fact that something is true is not necessarily a justification for saying it. Truth that wounds is none the worse for going unsaid. At the same time, what kind of a friendship can you have,

where one party speaks its mind and the other does not speak at all. The consequence is not friendship, but sycophancy, boot-licking, toadying—one of the most nauseous minor crimes in the Christian calendar.

Fallacious Argument

THEN, my American critic turns to relative war losses. The American Navy and Army suffered, she says, some 940,000 casualties (killed, wounded and missing) against some 630,000 for the U.K. Army and the Royal Navy. Apart from failing to take into account R.A.F. casualties (there exists of course, no independent air arm in the United States forces), my critic disregards the fact that the



population of the Union is some three times ours, she ignores the damage done to United Kingdom soil and civilian lives by enemy action—sometimes I wonder whether their freedom from bombs and rockets during the recent war has not bred in the American people a tragic and ill-founded sense of immunity—the crippling of our merchant marine, and the liquidation of nearly seventy per cent of our foreign investments. Before the war "invisible exports" largely derived from these investments, and our shipping services went far to pay for our necessary purchases of food from abroad. These invisible exports no longer exist, and we must go short of consumer goods, and sell most of what we make to other countries—or starve.

Source of Shortages

THE lady from Indiana complains of food shortages in America. She can only manage "to find one pound of vegetable shortening" at a time. I wonder if she knows how large is our weekly ration of "vegetable shortening"?

Of course there are shortages in America—a housing shortage (though not one American house was destroyed by the enemy), a butter shortage, and now in the last few days a grievous lack of meat. But do these shortages come from misplaced generosity towards other nations, or are they the consequence of abolishing controls and condemning the Office of Price Administration to death? America still believes in free enterprise, "rugged individualism," and unfettered play of the law of supply and demand. From all I hear, I cannot help thinking that the present American food shortages are as much as anything the consequence of producers hoarding against the chance of higher prices. I think I am right in saying that the feeding of the American people is now almost entirely back in the hands of the business men. We may dislike rationing; but at least it is comforting to know that everyone in this country is assured—through Government intervention—of receiving their rations, however meagre and monotonous, every week.

The writer recalls the gruelling hours American women spent at their sewing-machines making clothing for this country. Proudly she defends American mechanical genius. Ranging widely over such question

as literacy in Indiana, and the character of the late President Roosevelt—of which she does not approve—she comes to the question of our indebtedness to America, Lease-Lend, and our repudiation of our liabilities in connexion with the First German War.

Generosity—or Calculation?

SHE talks as if in all these financial transactions America acted out of guileless generosity, and now is getting no thanks. As a student of foreign affairs, with some practical experience, I hold that generosity has absolutely no concern with political decisions. The whole trouble comes from loose phraseology, our incurable modern habit of talking in emotional anthropomorphic terms. "Britain," our Press will say, "gives thanks for American aid." Our ancestors were far more hard-boiled about it. In the great coalitions of two centuries ago against France, England shovelled out subsidies to her allies—to Austria and Prussia and Sardinia—with no thought of seeking repayment. Everyone knew we were the richest member of the coalition; everyone knew we could not afford to see our allies collapse, and be left fighting alone—as indeed happened during the long struggle against revolutionary and Napoleonic France. We did not accuse our allies of trading upon our generosity, because we knew that in the long run our financing them would turn out to be an excellent business proposition for us. Nor were we always sneering at them for being poorer than we. Indeed, I can think of only one document in the whole of English polemics which even approaches the virulence of, let's say, Ralph Ingersoll's attacks upon England, and that was Swift's *Conduct of the Allies*, a miserable pamphlet written purely for party purposes.

Contra Account

NO. You cannot assess the indebtedness of fellow warriors to each other in terms of dollars and cents. By that yardstick, what of the British Navy's contribution to American security all through the nineteenth century, a contribution which so able an American authority as Mr. Walter Lippmann has most handsomely recognized. What of the part



played by British finance in the development of America's struggling industries at the same period? At what sum do we assess the value of the fight we put up in 1940—a fight at least as historically momentous and as essential to ultimate victory as the prodigies later wrought by America's war industries, and by her superb fighting men?

We are not such fools as to decry American mechanical efficiency. We merely feel the machine should be put into proper perspective and to proper uses. The lady from Indiana talks of a washing machine where you just pop the clothes in, and then settle down to a game of bridge. I have yet to be convinced that the playing of bridge should be regarded as the summit of human endeavour. . . .



Swabe

Leaving the Court of St. James's

Averell Harriman

AS a recent arrival, and in that aspect only, Mr. Harriman took a minor place among the ambassadors in London, and was seated well down the dinner table. Though, of course, as a foreign ambassador he was placed only fourth after the Sovereign, and preceded the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of York, the Prime Minister, the Lord President of the Council, and the Speaker.

Yet, who could forget for a moment, during and since the Hitler war, the incomparable standing of the Envoy to Great Britain from the United States? The two Governments have worked in the closest association in almost every field, and the details of the partnership, on the highest level, have, naturally, to go through the chief of the largest diplomatic mission in London. The status of the office has been newly affirmed by the recalling of the latest Ambassador to no less exalted a position than Secretary of Commerce.

The Honourable William (he uses merely the initial W.) Averell Harriman, a tall, fresh-looking rowing expert, left Yale for two months in 1912 to study the methods of Oxford. The visit is not often mentioned by Harriman, but he admits sometimes, "these impressions last."

Though he looks forty-two or forty-three, Harriman was born to the millionaire rail king, Edward Harriman and Mary Averell, nine years before the turn of the century. He had three sisters and a young brother.

AT Groton he met a member of the Franklin Delano Roosevelt family, became a friend of the future President. In 1917 he turned to shipbuilding, to help America's sorely tried Allies; in 1930 he became chairman of an important railway. Meanwhile there had been industrial ventures in Europe. Suddenly, to the surprise of friends, he announced his sympathy for his famous friend's New Deal policy and served as head of an advisory committee with the Department of Commerce.

Only in March, 1941, did he become a serious headliner, when he reached London as President Roosevelt's special representative to expedite supplies to enable the democracies to continue fighting in Europe. Six months later, when the Soviet Union was desperately resisting the race over vast territories of millions of Nazi soldiers, tens of thousands of tanks and thousands of aircraft, a restless citizen of the then neutral United States dropped from the threatening

skies over Moscow, to promise early help from the steadily mounting supplies available in rich America's rising arsenals.

Harriman is better at advertising flying than railroad travel. How many times has he flown the Atlantic, and other oceans, deserts and mountains, and dared the perils of war in the sky?

It is doubtful whether he knows himself, since he has attended almost every Allied conference for five years, and possesses the innermost secrets of the debates, quarrels, decisions at Casablanca, Teheran, Yalta, Quebec, Cairo, Potsdam and Moscow. In October, 1943, he took over the Embassy in Moscow where his gifted daughter, Kathleen, aged twenty-four, acted as vivacious hostess. He continued as partner in the celebrated firm of Brown Brothers, Harriman and Company, and chairman of the board of the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

LATER, relations with the U.S.S.R. over Poland and other territories, Rumania, China, and Japan, where rival interests meet, became difficult. Harriman resigned last February, arriving as Ambassador in London on Easter Monday, in circumstances that might have upset a lesser personage. He was expected at midnight, but the pilot signalled, "Arrival indefinite." Harriman landed without ceremony and went to a hotel and received the Foreign Under-Secretary, Hector McNeill, a few hours later. When his predecessor, John G. Winant, reached London, on March 1, 1941, the Duke of Kent and Brendan Bracken waited at the aerodrome to convey a welcome from the King and the Prime Minister.

Harriman smiles confidently over the problems of democracy, says he has faith in the peoples who make policy. He has had frequent meetings with Attlee, with Bevin, and our academic notables. And short though his stay in Britain as Ambassador has been, he has nobly maintained a great tradition of friendship, and has been here long enough to enter into and sympathize with the reality of our post-war problems. He departs with good wishes echoing on all sides.

George Bilainkin.



The Pictures

Thursday's Child

[At the Academy]

THIS film was made in 1943, and was the vehicle for introducing Stewart Granger and Sally Ann Howes as performers and Rodney Ackland as a director. It has been re-edited and some additions made, and is now re-presented. I am not at all certain why, since in its original form it sufficiently established the three persons above-named as (respectively) competent, talented and most able. Did this need re-stating? I do not think so.

Why then this second bite at what was never the sort of cherry a properly educated palate would care to dwell upon? Is the story a great one? No. It is (the synopsis is now quoted):—

... the story of a little girl who is true to herself. Twelve-year-old Fennis Wilson, pitchforked into the fantastic life of a child film star, keeps her head and holds her own against all the jealousy, flattery, cajolery and falsity which revolve round her small person.

She had accompanied her elder sister, Phoebe, to the Marathon Film Studios where Phoebe hoped to be "discovered" and made into a star. But it was Fennis who, to Phoebe's bewildered astonishment, has been given the opportunity.

She moves through the strange studio world like Alice through Wonderland, as little put out by her encounters with its odd inhabitants as Alice by her meetings with the Cheshire Cat or the Frog Footman.

The effect of this sudden change of fortune on her family is not so happy. Mrs. Wilson, her eyes opened to the monotony of her life as the wife of a suburban chemist, makes it clear to Frank, her husband, that she considers he has failed her, that it has been left to their youngest child to rescue her from the petty suburban round to which through

his extreme caution and lack of enterprise she has been condemned. This is the first time that harsh words have passed between them in all their twenty years of married life. . . .

Jim, the son of the family, encouraged by his young sister's success, determines to go his own way and, against his father's wishes, follow the career he feels cut out for, while Phoebe's jealousy of her sister grows every day, fed as it is by her mother's fatuous idolization of the little girl.

By the time Fennis's first film is completed all these suppressed emotions have reached boiling point. On the night of the premiere they boil over and Fennis makes the heart-breaking discovery that somehow, because of her success, the happy family life has been torn apart and shattered. . . .

In the darkness of her little room that night she wrestles with her problems alone. And she finds a solution to them in her own special way. At the end of the story the tragedy of her family has been left behind, Fennis is smiling again, the sun shines down on her and she is carried forward towards the future, her heart beating high with hope.

Now all that might have been great in book form. I do not know. But as a film story its best friend will not say of it, this is so tremendous that we must make it twice.

* * *

Since writing the above I have received a telephone call from the good James Agate. "I am not, as you might have supposed, either lost or in a French prison," he said, "but I have had to sell my dress clothes to get home." Sell them?

"Yes, sell them. You know, of course, that one is allowed to take out of the country only a limited sum of money—£75. Now then, I was

so long delayed that my money ran out; therefore the dress clothes had to go—shirts, socks, shoes, the whole boiling."

You have others, I hope?

"Thank you for the inquiry—yes. I cannot begin to tell you how expensive things are in France. In the South, for example, a whisky and soda costs you a pound, twenty shillings."

I was once charged eighteen shillings for a Guinness in Baghdad, but twenty shillings for a whisky-soda seems rather more than over the odds, I must say. Were there no compensating factors?

"Yes. When I went through Paris on my outward journey one could get the very best champagne for 830 francs—less than a couple of pounds—and, bless you, on the return journey the price was down; the best champagne was to be had for 530 francs."

How splendid. You make an envious man of me.

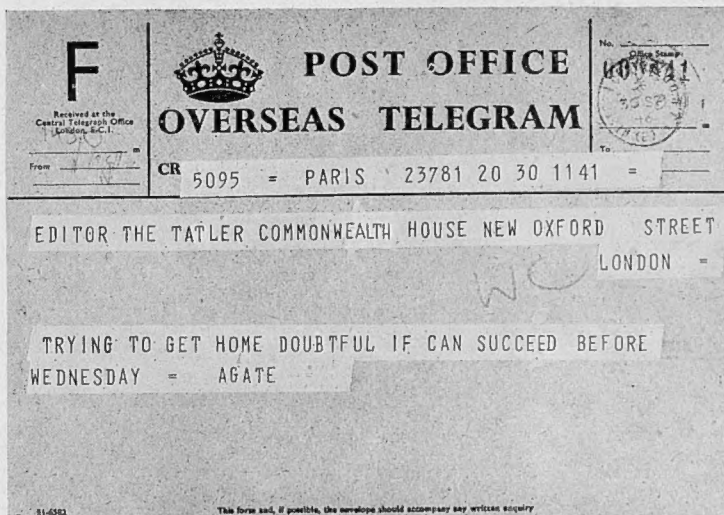
"Ah, but all was not honey. Despairing of ever getting home two of us chartered seats in a plane which was to take me direct from Nice to London for 40,000 francs. All went well as far as Paris, and there the fellow stopped and explained that he'd no licence to go on to England anyway."

Hence the sale of the dress clothes?

"Precisely."

* * *

READERS will recall (*The Tatler*, September 18) the moving letter to his mother written by a young man who was killed at Arrhem. Six copies of *The Tatler* containing the letter were sent to the mother. She asks if I can let her have a few more. Now this is impossible since the Publisher does not have any spare copies. Can any reader help? The lady is Mrs. L. M. Rowberry, and she lives at 68 Curzon Street, Wolverhampton.



"The Tatler's" film critic, James Agate, in France for the Film Festival, was not home in time to write his weekly article

YVES MIRANDE

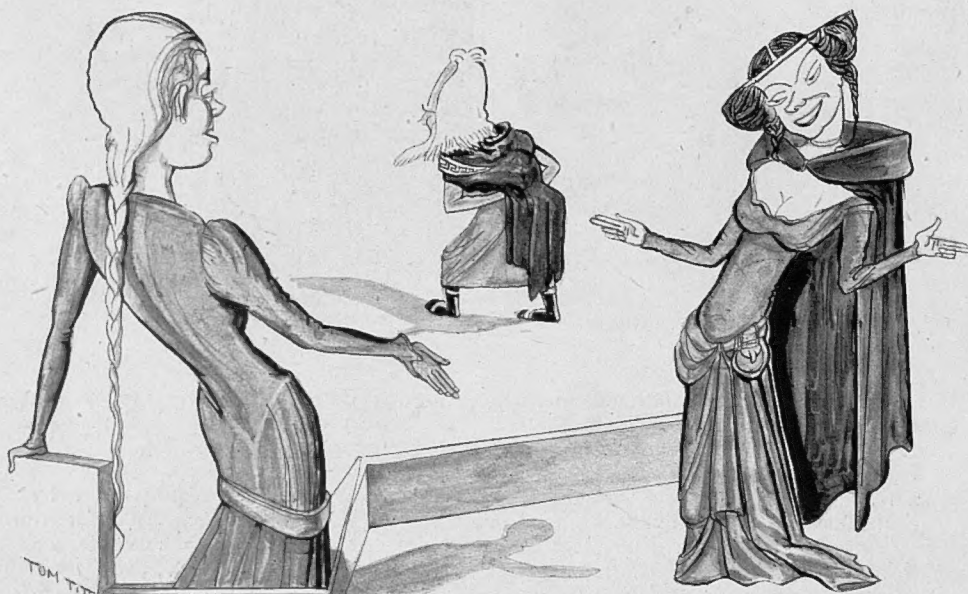
Photograph by
Baron

Yves Mirande, along with Sacha Guitry, is the doyen of French comedy writers. He is the author of two hundred plays and films. Before the war he went over to Hollywood to write dialogue, but did not like it there so came back again. He is extremely witty, and is the originator of many of the most memorable anecdotes of the boulevards. Amongst hundreds of successes, his magnificent farce *Le Trou Dans Le Mur* and the musical show *Ta Bouche* will, perhaps, be especially remembered. Today, at sixty-seven, he is still as active as ever, in spite of having been involved last spring in a serious motor accident with his friend Raimu, who has just died from the after-effects. He is still writing for the films and has just completed a scenario with Simone Bérliau and Joe Brandel, in whose beautiful flat he now lives. At present he is also working on a book about his life called *Le Dernier des Boulevardiers*, a title which describes him most accurately. He says that it is only to be published after his death, but one feels that this sprightly *bon viveur* will have difficulty in restraining himself from seeing his own life in print before departing hence

The Theatre

"King Lear" (New)

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Shoulder-shrugging display by Goneril and Regan (Pamela Brown and Margaret Leighton), as their father King Lear goes off in the sulks after one of the bitterest scenes in drama

FOR the opening of the Old Vic's new season, Mr. Laurence Olivier had been set two problems of daunting complexity. He was to produce a tragedy which some have thought essentially too big for the stage, and himself play Lear, a part beyond the powers of many famous tragic actors. But the feeling that Mr. Olivier is now one of the makers of theatrical history has become general. If he fails to achieve the impossible, at least, we are all persuaded, he will make a memorable thing of the attempt. Hence the twenty-four-hour queue outside the theatre and the real thing in the way of first-night expectancy which an unconscionable delay in sending up the curtain did not deaden.

It turned out in the event that Mr. Olivier had not succeeded in solving both problems: it is unlikely that one man ever will. His production is slow and curiously old-fashioned in its dependence on scenery, which is only rearranged with difficulty. The acting will no doubt gain pace and the scene-shifters dexterity as the run proceeds. Even then there must be signs that the production of this particular piece is a full-time job.

It was clearly to the other problem, the playing of Lear, that Mr. Olivier had bent his best energies. His solution is full and rounded—more complete than any other in the long annals of the part. Scholars as well as playgoers have asked why the tyrannical old king should have divided his kingdom on so foolish a plan; and have had to rest satisfied with the answer that if he had not done so there would have been no play. It seemed, nevertheless, a very unlikely thing for a tyrant to do; but for the Lear Mr. Olivier presents it is the most natural thing in the world.

He is a tyrant whose ideas are as quick and overbearing as his temper. He would be a humorist, a fellow of infinite fancies, if it did not happen to be in his power to give his

abounding whimsies the force of law. It has suddenly occurred to him to demonstrate his natural affection for his daughters and his way of doing it is characteristic of a man whose restless intellectual energy is unrestrained by a practical bias.

THERE is a hint that the mind, though still overflowing active, is less strong than of yore, as though absolute power had at last put it at a fatal remove from reality, but no more than a hint. In this scene—played for the first time as comedy, packed with tragic implications—Mr. Olivier lays the foundations of a character which he can later develop with complete consistency until the Lear grown old in despotic rule has revealed through the rages of wounded majesty the father's wrung heart and, in appealing from his daughters to the heavens, has been beaten into madness by the uncaring elements and is come at last to that spiritual humility and gentle compassion which is man's only answer to the gods who kill him for their sport.

To each of these formidable phases of the part Mr. Olivier is magnificently equal. He speaks the lines rather for meaning than for sound, but once, when he threatens his daughters with unnatural horrors, he achieves that great cry which none who saw his *Edipus* will forget.

To the greatness of this performance the production, whatever variations may be made, will be scarcely adequate. Only the Fool of Mr. Alec Guinness, a beautifully still and poignant study of frightened folly, and the Gloucester of Mr. George Ralph are wholly worthy of this principal, though the Kent of Mr. Nicholas Hannen is fine work done against the temperamental grain. Miss Pamela Brown and Miss Margaret Leighton are, as the sisters, too much of a piece in their lazy sensualism.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



A capricious monarch, whose humour is too often like a tyrant's whim, King Lear (Laurence Olivier) calls down pain and pestilence upon his ungrateful daughters

BRENDA BRUCE

TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD Brenda

Bruce is establishing herself as one of our most outstanding young actresses. For the past three years she has been playing in Terence Rattigan's great stage success *While the Sun Shines*, where her intelligent performance as Mabel Crum has given the part a warmth and sympathy seldom found in the usual stage interpretation of the traditional gold-digger. Now she is to bring Miss Crum to the screen in Anatole de Grunwald's film version, which stars Ronald Howard, Leslie Howard's son. Miss Bruce is seen here in a lovely white evening dress by Katia Krassin, who has created many of the dresses for the film.

Other films in which she has acted include *I Met a Dark Stranger* and *Piccadilly Incident* (as Anna Neagle's girl friend), and she will be seen with Sally Gray in the forthcoming *Carnival*.



BRENDA BRUCE started in the chorus of *1066 And All That*, at the Strand Theatre. Following this success, Brenda and other young aspirants to fame who were also in the show persuaded their producer to put on *Nine Till Six* so that they should not lose touch as straight actresses. Sir Barry Jackson saw a special performance and recognised Brenda Bruce's talent at once, and gave her a contract for Birmingham Repertory, one of the hardest but most thorough theatrical training-grounds in the country.

She was at Birmingham for three years, during which time, to use her own expression, she usually played "little tragedy girls." Liverpool Repertory, which under William Armstrong's experienced direction at the Playhouse discovered many now-famous stars, followed the Birmingham engagement. The war then intervened, and Brenda, like so many artists, did her share in entertaining the troops.



IN January 1945 she married Roy Rich, the producer and broadcaster, and they have a home overlooking Regent's Park which she has decorated and furnished herself. She says her repertory experience has helped as, in the course of her travels all over the country, she has been able to spend her leisure time looking for antiques in out-of-the-way places. A very energetic young woman, she takes pleasure in housework and says that polishing the lovely old wood and silver in her home is the finest way of keeping her figure.

Her ambition, shared by her husband, is to run a West End Repertory Theatre in the traditional manner, with a change of play every fortnight, so that people who could not see the many London wartime successes may have a chance of catching up with their theatre-going. In addition, if that dream comes true—and Brenda is determined that it shall—classical plays, with occasional new plays, will also be included in the programmes.





Miss Monica Sherriffe, who was a well-known follower to hounds in Leicestershire before the war



Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, just back from Deauville. Lord Willoughby is a Steward of the Jockey Club



The Hon. Mrs. Ralph Hubbard, elder daughter of Lord Ashfield, and her husband, who is a Clerk of the Course at Goodwood



Lady Anne Rhys, daughter of the fifth Duke of Wellington and of the late Duchess of Wellington



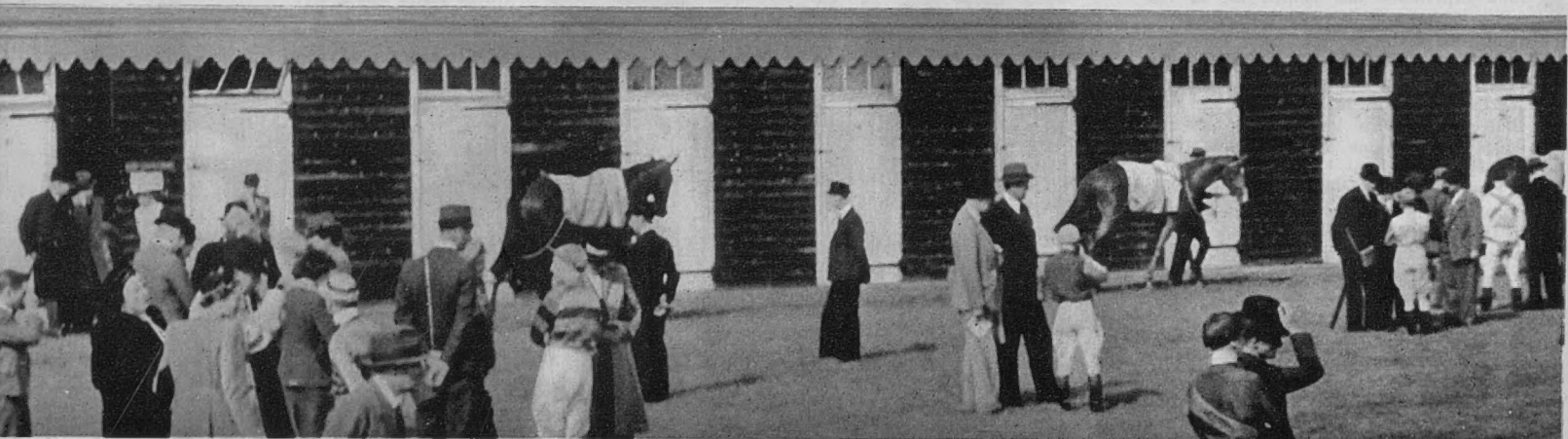
Lord Nunburnholme, who is the third Baron, and was wounded at El Alamein, with Mrs. Davidson



Mr. Fulke-Walwyn, Lady Stanley, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Derby, and the Earl of Westmorland

HURST PARK RACEGOERS

Hurst Park, lying on the south side of the river near Hampton Court is, like Kempton Park at Sunbury close by, one of the most popular of the suburban courses. The two-day September meeting was marred on the first day by rain and gales unequalled in thirty years, but on the second day the weather improved and the attendance likewise. An innovation was the announcement of runners, results and so forth by loudspeakers



Owners, trainers and jockeys in the saddling ring before the first race, the Cherimoya Stakes, won by Sir William Waldron's Knight's Love

GLYNDEBOURNE GOES TO THE CHILDREN



"I want you to do it this way." John Allen, producer of "Tobias and the Angel," has a few last words to Margery Bardsley, Rene Goddard and Joyce Linger before the curtain goes up



Expressions at the appearance of the Devil, or the kind of audience every playwright dreams of—entirely absorbed during the play and full of constructive criticism of it afterwards



Critics' (and performers) Circle: a back-stage scene after the play when members of the audience give the actors the benefit of their impressions, which are often translated into improvements

GLYNDEBOURNE is a name that evokes the picture of an audience listening to opera superbly rendered under perfect country-house conditions in the heart of Sussex. But recently Glyndebourne has gone to town. The part of town it has gone to is the East End, and the audiences it sets out to amuse and edify with play productions are the children of the East End.

The idea of a Children's Theatre was first started by Dr. J. J. Mallon and Miss Suria Magito when they produced *The Snow Queen* at Toynbee Hall, of which Dr. Mallon is Warden, three years ago. The sponsoring of the present series of plays by Glyndebourne Productions is largely due to Mrs. John Christie, who has greatly sympathised with the aim of making good plays, performed by a competent company, available to children who would not otherwise have either the money or opportunity to see them. In this she was supported by her husband, the owner of Glyndebourne, who is now on the executive committee of the Children's Theatre. It is thus the first venture of its kind in this country to be professionally run by a well-known company, though Miss Joan Luxton ran one for some time in the 'twenties.

THE first play to be produced by the Children's Theatre was Dickens's *Great Expectations*, which completed a run of 197 performances at the end of June. This has been followed by James Bridie's *Tobias and the Angel*, which, after running for two weeks each at Toynbee Hall, the Camberwell Palace and Walham Green, is scheduled to tour provincial towns, on engagements by local education authorities. But for the time the emphasis is on the L.C.C. area. Later it is expected to include private and public schools in the Theatre's activities.

Mr. John Allen, the administrator and producer, was in the Navy, as stoker, motor mechanic and engineer officer respectively, for six years and was specially released for the work. He had pre-war stage experience, including acting with the Old Vic Company. In time he envisages a permanent company of actors for the Theatre, but at present is engaging them afresh for each play. Most of the actors find that an audience of children is a stimulating and rewarding experience. In the current production, Alfie Bass, who plays Tobias, is a young East End actor who was recently taking leading roles with the Liverpool Repertory Company.

THERE is no doubt about the children's reaction to three-dimensional, flesh-and-blood drama. They are enthusiastic to a degree, and letters pour in with criticisms and suggestions for stories they would like to see dramatised. During the opening performance of *Tobias and the Angel* they listened closely to every line and watched each movement intently. Afterwards they were full of comments, mostly from the boys, who seemed less shy than the girls of giving their opinions.

Those who take severe views on children going to the films might be inclined to consider the remark of a small boy: "I like going to the theatre much better than the cinema. This is the third play I've seen," as evidence of a brand plucked from the burning. Actually, it is a spontaneous tribute to the work of the Children's Theatre, and a witness to the void which that work fills.

A third production will open in January, and after that the organisers plan to give three new plays every year.



H.E. the Chilean Ambassador, Señor Don Manuel Bianchi, with Mme. Bianchi



Sir Henry Chilton, former British Ambassador to Chile, and the Marquess of Willingdon



Señor Joas de Usramos, the Portuguese Ambassador, and Professor Madriaca



Mr. Zavalo, Miss Anna Ivanex and Mme. Gonzalez were among the guests at the reception

The Chilean Ambassador Gives a Reception

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL

QUEEN MARY, who came to dinner, and King George of the Hellenes, whom Their Majesties entertained at a farewell lunch before his departure for Athens, were among visitors at Buckingham Palace during the two days the King and Queen spent in London.

The King was also glad to have the opportunity of saying good-bye personally to that staunch friend of Britain, Mr. Averell Harriman, recalled by President Truman from his post of Ambassador at St. James's to take over from Mr. Wallace as Secretary of Commerce at Washington. The tall, dark, keen-faced Ambassador has been on terms of personal friendship with both the King and Queen since those historic days of destiny in 1941, when he came to this country as the late President Roosevelt's personal representative to speed up the vital deliveries of Lease-Lend.

At the opening of the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition, which brought Their Majesties south from Balmoral, there was a galaxy of well-knowns, headed by the Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee. Others I noticed walking round the galleries, admiring a little wistfully the tempting arrays of new designs unobtainable here, included Sir Stafford and Lady Cripps, Lord Woolton, who is an energetic member of the Council for Industrial Design, sponsors of the show, Lord Winster, Sir Thomas and Lady Barlow, Mr. George Hall, the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Tom Williams, the Minister of Agriculture, who spent a long time with the Queen examining toy trains, and several other members of the Government.

Later in the day, when Their Majesties left the Palace to return to Balmoral, they were accompanied by Sir Alan Lascelles, Lady Hyde, Major Michael Adeane and Major Thomas Harvey. The Court is remaining at Balmoral until the second week in October, when the King comes south to attend to a few routine matters at Buckingham Palace before going on to Sandringham, where he is to entertain a few men friends for a week's shooting. The Queen and the Princesses will remain in Scotland a little longer.

ROYAL WEDDING-PRESENT

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL sent a beautiful Queen Anne tea-caddy engraved with a facsimile of her signature as a wedding-present to Miss Lola Thursby-Pelham when she married Major Peter Trevelyan-Thomson at the Brompton Oratory recently. The bride, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Thursby-Pelham, looked charming in a dress of cream satin, with which she wore a Brussels lace veil and carried a bouquet of gardenias. Her two attendants, the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Hendry and Miss Madeline Akers, were in turquoise blue with yellow feather head-dresses.

After the ceremony the bride's parents held a reception, when Field-Marshal Lord Ironside proposed the health of the bride, whom he had known all her life. Sir Alfred Hurst proposed the health of the bridegroom, whom he had also known since childhood, and said that when he was at school at Harrow with his son, Peter Trevelyan-Thomson had never been known to lose his temper! Among those I met at the wedding were the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Trevelyan-Thomson, Lady Thursby, Brig. Kenneth Thursby-Pelham and his wife, Viscountess Snowden, Lady McLean, Lady Ironside, who accompanied the Field-Marshal, and their good-looking son Bing, who has not followed in his father's footsteps, as he is now in the Senior Service. His sister was one of the bride's attendants.

Lady Suneson Taylor, very *chic* as usual, was greeting many friends, and others there were

the Duchess of Grafton, the Dowager Lady De L'Isle, Catherine Lady Headley, Sir Archibald and Lady Alison, Mr. Raeburn Williams (the best man), the bride's two brothers, Marshal and Vaughan, who had been very efficient ushers, Lady Allardyce, Lady Hurst, Mr. Charles Newbold, the Solicitor-General for Jamaica, and his wife, and Lady Moss. The bride wore a fine ocelot coat over a brown dress when she went away for the honeymoon, which is being spent in Cornwall.

TWO FIRST-NIGHTS

THERE were two big first-nights in the same week. Firstly, the opening of the Old Vic season with Laurence Olivier in *King Lear*, which aroused more excitement than in any previous year. Over 6000 applications had to be refused for first-night tickets, and queues waited for thirty-six hours to get into the unreserved parts of the theatre.

There was an air of enthralment among the audience to see Laurence Olivier playing Lear for the first time, and his first appearance on the stage since his return from his triumphs with the Old Vic Company in New York, where they had a stupendous success. I have never heard such continuous applause as there was after the final curtain. One felt it was genuine appreciation of a wonderful performance.

Among those I saw in the audience were the Earl and Countess of Lytton sitting in the front row of the stalls, Viscount Hambleden, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, Mrs. Colin Lesslie, Sir Irving Albery, Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark and Sir Edward Marsh. Film celebrities included Sir Alexander Korda, Irving Rapper (Hollywood director of *The Corn is Green*) and Michael Balcon. The stage was represented by Fay Compton, John Mills and his playwright wife Mary Hayley Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Mitchell, Mr. Henry and the Hon. Mrs. Sherek, Basil Dean, Robert Helpmann and Margot Fonteyn, looking very glamorous. Ralph Richardson, having a night off from the Old Vic, sat in the stalls with his wife, Meriel Forbes. Vivien Leigh dashed over from *The Skin of Our Teeth* in time to see the final scene and hear the triumphant reception given to her husband, Laurence Olivier.

The second big opening that week was *The Shepherd Show*, which, as the programme said, is "a medley of mirth and music." This also had a good reception from an audience which glistened with stage stars! These included Jack Buchanan, who was sitting in a box with Douglas Furber, Noel Coward accompanied by Mrs. Calthrop, Heather Thatcher, very vivacious in a swathed lamé dress, Claud Hulbert accompanied by his wife, Bud Flanagan, Ches Allen and Frank Lawton. Wendy Toye, the youthful producer of the show, was sitting in a box with Firth Shephard. Also there were Miss Anna Zinkisen accompanied by Lord Morris, Major "Fruity" Metcalfe, Mr. George Annesley and Lord Vivian, who is now living in the country.

BACK IN TOWN

LONDON has filled up again considerably after the holidays, and I have seen many friends and relations lunching and dining together recounting stories of their travels both at home and abroad. Recently, at one of the quietest restaurants, where Charles presides with quiet dignity and Josef always remembers your favourite table, I found H.M. King George of the Hellenes (shortly before he left for Greece) with a small party of friends at his usual corner table. Marie Marchioness of Willingdon was one of his many English friends who stopped to have a chat with His Majesty on their way out.

JOURNAL

Near by, Lady de Trafford had two of her attractive daughters lunching with her, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath had their very pretty only daughter, Caroline, with them, wearing a red coat and navy-blue hat. Lady Belper was at a table for three with her stepson, the Hon. Ronald Strutt, and her great friend the Countess of Middleton. Mrs. Tiarks (still remembered as Joan Barry) was lunching with a woman friend. The Dowager Duchess of Portland, still one of the most beautiful women in the room, was also lunching with a friend, as was Lady Willoughby de Broke. Sir Thomas and Lady Cook had one of their young family with them; their travels this summer have taken them to Luxembourg, among other places. Mrs. Charles Sweeny, who took her small son and daughter out to Switzerland in August, was hurrying off after lunch to take them out in the park.

Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Gerard Leigh were up from Thorpe Satchville, and had their son Gerard, who is in the Life Guards, lunching with them, with his attractive fiancée, Miss Joan Leslie. Major Leigh has been an usher at so many big weddings that he is sure to see that his own is organised efficiently!

Another day, lunching at the May Fair, I met Sir Ralph Millais, grandson of the famous painter whose pictures have recently been fetching high prices at Christie's. Sir Ralph, who already owns some of his grandfather's most celebrated pictures, has recently inherited the Bowerswell collection, and some of these may find their way to his exquisite fifteenth-century house at Frensham, where he lives with his mother.

Out shopping I ran into Lady Serena James with her younger daughter, Fay. Farther on I met Mrs. Gilbert Frankau, very attractive in a feathered hat. She has been working hard for the Polish Children Rescue Fund, and helped to organise the *première* held recently in aid of this Fund. Lady Meyer was another I met looking remarkably well after her holiday abroad. She and Sir Anthony took their car on the Continent and motored through France and Switzerland, and on to Italy. They are now living with Lady Meyer's parents at their new home at Sunningdale, until their own London house is ready for them.

COMMITTEE MEETING

THE Marchioness of Carisbrooke, looking charming in brown, received the guests who came to support her as chairman of the *première* of *A Matter of Life and Death*, which is to be given on November 1st at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund, and which the King and Queen have graciously consented to honour with their presence. Tickets sold quickly, and I advise anyone wanting to go to get theirs quickly, as it promises to be a great occasion and tickets are sure to be sold out long before the day.

Among those at the meeting who all took tickets were Mrs. Attlee, who was affectionately greeted with a kiss by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke on her arrival, and Lady Waddilove, who came with her sister and gave a generous donation as well as buying tickets. Mrs. Corrigan, the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes, very *chic* in black, Lady Suenon Taylor, the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lawson, in a striking hat which she had been brought as a present from Paris, Lady Towle, Mrs. R. G. Edwards, Mrs. Washington-Singer, Lady Crosfield, Lady Wilkinson and Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky, who told me she hopes to go down to the West Country for a short change soon, were also there.



Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, Senhor E. Lodi, Senhor Joao Neves da Fontoura, Brazilian Foreign Minister, and the Brazilian Ambassador



Señora de Bilbao, Señora de Aguilera, Señora de Coloma, wife of the Counsellor at the Ecuador Legation, and Señorita Durlan



The Peruvian Ambassador, Dr. F. Berckmeyer, Col. Sartorius, H.E. the Venezuelan Ambassador, and H.E. the Portuguese Ambassador



Señorita Dona Covadonga Merino (left) and her sister, Señorita Dona Elena Merino, with Dr. Cabanas and Señor del Vayo (right)



Sir John Carden and Miss G. Hart, sister of Mme. Bianchi, who is the wife of the Chilean Ambassador



H.E. the Chinese Ambassador, Dr. F. T. Cheng Tien-hai, the Venezuelan Ambassador, and Señor de Lizaso, Basque Representative



Mr. Ernest Bevin with Mrs. Terence Maxwell, daughter of the late Sir Austen Chamberlain



Gen. Bilbao, Gen. Aguilera, Minister for Paraguay, and Dr. Coloma, from Ecuador

Reception for the Brazilian Foreign Minister

Guatemalan Independence Day Celebrated



Finish of the Greenan Handicap: Mr. P. Bull's Orienne (P. Evans up) beating Matapo and Pin Up Girl



Rustic, owned by Miss M. Baird and ridden by D. Smith, wins the Ayrshire Handicap with plenty to spare



Jumbo Jinks, owned by Sir John Jarvis, won the Shaw Memorial Handicap

THE WESTERN MEETING: AYR

The four-day Ayr meeting, one of the most important early-autumn racing events, was very successful and the long programme went through smoothly. Among the surprises was the beating of the much-fancied Neapolitan by Auralia in the Doonside Plate, while the revival of the Ayr Gold Cup race was very popular. It was won by Sir John Jarvis's Royal Charger, cleverly ridden by E. Smith, who beat The Yuvaraj by three-quarters of a length



Col. Dunn, Mr. Munro and Mrs. Dunn were among the spectators



Mrs. Dougal Skene, Capt. Derick Turner, Miss Anne Sutherland and Mr. Dougal Skene



Major Vernon, son-in-law of the Earl of Cromer, and Mrs. Curzon-Herrick



Mr. Mackenzie, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Hope Collins and Miss Hope Collins



The Ladykirk Plate being won by Mr. R. Firth's Portcori, with D. Smith in the saddle again



Mr. T. H. Farr's Bees Gorse showing his heels to the field at the end of the Craigengillan Nursery Handicap



Major Boyle, Mrs. Boyle and Miss Sutherland



Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Dawson, Miss Blair and Miss Dawson



Mrs. Alec Johnston's Auralia (D. Smith up), after winning the Doonside Plate



Mrs. W. H. Crawford and Mrs. Claud Vivian



Miss Lockett, Mrs. R. R. Lockett and Mrs. Mackie Campbell



Mr. and Mrs. C. Connell, Mr. Sanderson, Mrs. David Greig and Miss Connell



Mrs. Lorne Binnie, J. Jarvis, the trainer, and the Countess of Rosebery

PRISCILLA

VISITS

FANTASTIC



The bride, assisted by the bridegroom, cutting the three-tiered wedding-cake surmounted by a vase of silver and white orange blossom, at the Savoy Hotel reception



Two of the guests, Mme. Phang and Mrs. Charles Winterbotham, of Stony Stratford, Bucks.



Miss Anne Heywood, Miss Joanne Wallace and Capt. David Stobart, Grenadier Guards



Princess Ruhje Xhelal (aunt of the bride), Major Arthur Cooper (bridegroom's father), Princess Adile (bride's mother), Major Salih Dashisti, Mrs. Arthur Cooper and Sir Robert Hodgson

Wedding of Princess Teri of Albania

The marriage took place recently at Caxton Hall, Westminster, of Princess Teri, niece of King Zog of Albania, and Lt. R. H. L. Cooper, R.N. (ret.), youngest son of Major and Mrs. Arthur Cooper, of Upper Brook Street, W.1. The two elder bridesmaids were Princess Stanusch and Miss Ann Thwaites, and the third was Marie, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Cooper.

After the wedding a reception was held at the Savoy Hotel, where the guests included Mrs. Geoffrey Cooper, Mrs. Arthur Snagg, Mrs. O. R. Burchnall, Mrs. H. B. Scott, Rear-Admiral C. Douglas-Pennant, Mr. Gerald Cooper, Major Peareth, Lady Percival, Lady Cottenham, Lord and Lady Templetown, Lady Davson, Sir Maurice and Lady Holmes and Lady Darnley.

EIGHT years, six of which have been cataclysmic, have passed since the Concours Lépine last amused the Parisians and provincials who crowd to the Parc des Expositions to see all the little gadgets that have been invented during the past year to simplify—or complicate—the average householder's domestic problems.

This exhibition was organised in 1901 by M. Lépine, who was Préfet of Police in those days. Two Parisian Préfets have left names famous for achievements outside the usual role they played in the good ordering of the police department of this city. M. Poubelle, who invented a certain kind of garbage-can that is still used and is known as a *poubelle*; and M. Lépine, who founded the Concours that bears his name and for which inventors of catchpenny gadgets—many of which prove to be well worth the pennies—vie in producing the most bewildering tin-openers, safety-razor blade-sharpeners, mousetraps, piano-beds, stepladder-bookcases, and kill-or-cure mixtures that have ever been evolved by the fevered imagination of would-be Edisons!

THE Concours Lépine has taken place every year in September except, of course, between 1914-18 and after 1939, when it suffered another eclipse. Since its early days, when it was held in the small hall of the Tribunal de Commerce, it has spread, and nowadays, at the Exhibition Park near the Porte de Versailles, where all the big fairs and dog shows take place, it has become a most elaborate affair. The toy section that, from the very first, put Nuremberg off the map as a toy-producing centre so far as French patrons are concerned, has branched out with all sorts of wonderful gadgets for the radio, agricultural machines, television, aeroplanes and automobiles.

Burglar alarms are a great feature, and how I would have loved to buy an automatic egg-whisk—if only I had the eggs to use it on! There was a divan "with only six springs" that folds up and looks like anything else one pleases in the daytime, all done by pressing a button; one wonders what happens when a restless dreamer presses on it accidentally in the middle of the night. The six springs might then be six too many. There was a dish-mat for servantless hostesses that can be pushed round the dinner-table so smoothly that even the fullest soup-tureen does not spill its boiling contents on the guests.

OTHER great inventions are a lifebelt that inflates automatically when the wearer falls in the water; an ultra-hygienic toothpick; a salt-cellar in which the salt never cakes; skis on wheels—so that one may winter-sport one's way to the office—a sort of elongated and glorified roller-skate; a safety razor with a guiding electric light—such a bright idea for dark winter mornings; a detonating padlock that goes off with a loud bang when predatory

(of PARIS)

THE TOYSHOP

fingers tamper with it ; and people queued up in their hundreds in front of the stand that exhibited a little box into which cigarette-butts are put and that are returned after various manipulations, in the shape of a new cigarette—or almost ! There is also a little booklet containing an elaborate multiplication-table that allows prospective mamas to tell, almost to a minute, when they may expect the arrival of the Little Stranger.

The most sensational exhibit was an aerial bicycle, *le Veloplane*. If only one pedals hard enough and long enough to set its bilateral wings in motion, one is wafted—so the inventor contends—into the blue, blue skies. Unfortunately, it was not working on the opening day.

REGRETFULLY I am not forgetting the "anti-gas cage" that contains the pet canary and which is placed in whatever part of the happy home or garage where noxious gases are likely to accumulate ! When the poor bird, overcome by the fumes, falls off its perch, the weight of its body causes the floor of the cage to contact with an electric alarm—and there you are ! The only use I have for this bright idea is to build the cage big enough to contain the inventor and then turn on the gas.

But of all the labour-saving devices at the Concours Lépine the most useful was not on view. It is the flesh-and-blood, amateur, unpaid-Little-Lady-of-the-Char ! A "Service Familial" that has been organised by young girls who are willing to give a certain number of hours weekly to help poor women with their children, their domestic chores and worries. These girls do housework, sew, cook, mind the baby, run errands and even undertake the Monday wash ! They get no pay, of course, very little help from the harassed mothers and often no thanks. They come alike from the working and the leisure classes.

I know of nothing more heroic and admire them unreservedly for showing such altruism in this thankless world.

Voilà !

● It is everybody's secret that a certain actor who was arrested by the F.F.I. after the liberation of Paris, and who spent several months in prison, has not yet been completely whitewashed. One of his friends was holding forth in his favour during the evening cocktail hour at the Ritz the other day. "I assure you," he declared, "not one word of collaboration has ever passed through his lips ! " "Of course not," was the answer, "he always talks through his nose."



Walking along the Quai de Bercy, with its empty wine-barrels perfuming the air, he finds life good

The Laughing Chevalier

Maurice Chevalier has been visiting Scandinavia, where he had a great welcome, not only from old admirers but from hosts of new ones. There had been talk of "a new and different Chevalier," but in the event he proved that he was still his old self, only more so : a living example of the truth that a great variety artist can dissolve the barriers of class and convention, knowledge and

ignorance, more completely than any other agent. It was remarked that he had matured and could touch the chords of laughter and pathos, and identify himself with his characters, even more surely than in the old days. His success of the 'thirties, "Ma Pomme," the song of the old vagabond delighted to be alive, was still the favourite, as it was ten years ago



LADY HUMBY-BEECHAM

Before her marriage well known to concert-goers as Betty Humby, the pianist, in the dining-room of her St. John's Wood home, which is full of the treasures Sir Thomas has collected on his world-wide tours. The portrait is of William of Orange, attributed to Kneller, and was bought in America on a recent tour

IN A SUMMER GARDEN.

Andante.

With quiet movement.

**SIR THOMAS
BEECHAM**

.. A New
Orchestra
Launched

The launching of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra by Sir Thomas Beecham is encouraging evidence of Britain's post-war musical vitality. It gave its first performance recently under Sir Thomas's baton at the Davis Theatre, Croydon, and was at once acclaimed as a first-rate collection of players, welded into unity by a conductor whose tireless enthusiasm and brilliant talents are proverbial. The leader is John Pennington, a native of Bournemouth, who was conductor and soloist for Anna Pavlova, and later went to the U.S.A. as leader of the San Francisco and Paramount Studio orchestras. Other prominent players are Leonard Rubens (viola), Raymond Clarke ('cellist), John Cockerill (harp), and Dennis Brain, leader of the horn quartet which Sir Thomas says will be the finest in Europe. A new work by Sir Thomas—here seen against the background of the conductor's score of his favourite work, by Delius—is to be performed at a forthcoming concert. It is to be called the Handel-Beecham Pianoforte Concerto, and will be played by Lady Humby-Beecham

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

DURING a trial in an English court an Irish witness was being examined.

"Did you see the shot fired?" the magistrate asked when Pat had been sworn.

"No, sir, I only heard it," was the evasive answer.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," answered the magistrate. "Stand down!"

The witness left the box, and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively.

The magistrate called him back and demanded why he had dared to laugh in court.

"Did you see me laugh, your Honour?" asked the offender.

"No, but I heard you," was the irate reply.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat quickly. And this time everybody laughed—including the magistrate.

THE doctor's waiting-room was very full. Every chair was taken and some patients were standing. There was desultory conversation, but after a while a silence fell and the patients sat waiting. Finally an old man stood up wearily and remarked: "Well, I guess I'll go home and die a natural death."

FERENC MOLNAR, in dispelling the illusion about the softness and easy nature of the Viennese, cites this story which he covered when he was a newspaperman there.

A Viennese cop shouted to a lady who was about to leap from a bridge into the river: "Don't jump!"

"Why not?" asked the lady.

"Because then I'll have to take my coat off and jump in after you," said the cop. "And when I go home I'll probably have a cold and my wife will have to take care of me and neglect our four children. Come down and go home, please."

"All right, I'll go home," said the lady.

"Sure. Go home," said the cop, "and there you can hang yourself."

MOTHER, what does 'D.D.' stand for?" asked the small child.

"Doctor of Divinity, my dear," replied mother. "Don't they teach you such things in school?"

"Oh, yes, but it doesn't sound right here."

"Read it out aloud then and let me hear it."

"The witness said he heard the defendant say, 'I'll make you suffer for this, I'll be Doctor of Divinity if I don't.'"

SMITH and Brown spent a day together at the races. It was an unlucky day for Smith, for he lost his all, while his friend Brown backed a winner in every race.

"Tell me," asked Smith, "how the heck did you pick them all, Brown?"

"Oh, it was quite simple," replied his friend. "You know that a lot of people pick them out with a pin?"

"Yes, I've heard they do."

"Well, I have a better method than that. I use a fork."

IN a hat shop an assistant gushed: "That's a darling hat. Really, it makes you look ten years younger."

"Then I don't want it!" retorted the customer. "I can't afford to put on ten years every time I take off my hat!"

"Illustrated Newspapers" Golf

Thirty-two players braved the wind and the rain recently in the popular annual "Illustrated Newspapers" Invitation Golf Meeting at the Royal Mid-Surrey Club. *The Sphere* Challenge Cup was won by Mr. G. P. Jackson and the four-ball bogey foursome by Mr. R. Bett and Mr. L. M. Masius. Prizes were presented in the evening by Mr. W. C. Nisbett, Managing Director of "Illustrated Newspapers," in the presence of an enthusiastic gathering



Mr. G. P. Jackson (handicap 2), winner of "The Sphere" Challenge Cup with a gross score of 82, driving off from the first tee. Mr. Roy Hale was runner-up, after tying with Mr. P. Vickery and Mr. G. Wynne-Davis

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

As if the Race hadn't enough to worry over already, a morbid chap has begun brooding over the problem of packing Britannia's national heroes of the future into a Westminster Abbey already packed to the doors.

Fortunately there aren't many great men about nowadays, so the problem isn't urgent. Nobody else in Europe seems to be faced with it. The French have still acres of room in their vast, cold, melancholy Pantheon, even though it enshrines such minor portents as Gambetta and President Carnot. When the Spanish Government—we've read somewhere—created the church of San Francisco-El-Grande at Madrid a national pantheon in the 1860's the situation took on a faintly satiric tinge which would have hugely diverted some of the illustrious occupants-to-be, for the dust of Cervantes, Velasquez, Lope de Vega, Murillo, and a few more of Spain's greatest could not be traced after exhaustive search, and the bones of some of the less-great were reclaimed, after transference, by their descendants. Possibly the Greeks are in the most embarrassing position of all, having Alexander the Great within reach, so to speak, yet being unable to put the old finger on him. The dust of that conqueror of the world is said to lie under a small mosque in an Alexandria suburb, and its owners would see the Greeks (or anybody else) in Eblis first.

Afterthought

AMONG that crowd of gesticulating political and other mediocrities whose hideous tombs might easily be spared from Westminster Abbey in a resolute spring-cleaning, thus making room for more of the genuine big boys, if any, there is one really worthy personage one would be sorry to lose. Unless we've been odiously misinformed, he's a butler.

Pan

WHAT the Stratford Racket is doing about that alleged portrait of the Swan of Avon lately discovered in Bloomsbury, and said to be by Franz Hals, we wouldn't know. So long as the owner doesn't start fussing. . . .

Fussing in Stratford-upon-Avon is worse than useless. A kindly don we know once took an emotional schoolmarm from Indiana round all the sights and explained carefully that the entire racket is bogus from start to finish, that the Birthplace was not Shakespeare's even before its fancy restoration, that Ann Hathaway's Cottage is as much Ann Hathaway's as Genghis Khan's, that the popeyed official bust in the Parish Church is an 18th-century fantasy by a local tradesman, that the official Shakespeare portrait is the portrait of an unknown Italian, and so forth; the sort of things everybody sensible knows. He was loudly hissed by the suckers, maiden ladies spat at him with forked

tongues, like offended cobras, the chaps who take the gate-money had murder in their cruel eyes, and this poor schoolmarm hurried back to Muncie (Ind.) with hell in her heart and went in for Classical Dancing instead.

So to toss a third Shakespeare likeness into the Stratford imbroglio would help nobody. Franz Hals may have painted it for fun, anyway. Or to annoy the Baconians. Or because he was fighting-drunk. Or simply because it's not Shakespeare (compare his Laughing Cavalier, so called because the Cavalier is not laughing). We doubt if you healthy-minded sweethearts give a hoot either way, and how right you are.

Enigma

RACING men, a sporting authority alleges, are discussing the remarkable longevity of professional jockeys, one of whom recently won a race in his 60th year, while others totter round on their tiny bowed legs at 70 and upwards, bright-eyed and sprightly.

What makes jockeys linger so long is obviously the austere lives they're forced to lead. A far greater mystery is what makes racing men—the loud, cheery, bloodshot kind—live so long, the special poignancy of a racing man's situation being that he has nowhere to go for a much-needed cry. The Jockey Club, an owner tells us, does what it can to alleviate this by hiring a dear little girl with golden curls to read *Black Beauty* aloud to the big racing boys at Newmarket every Christmas. As the misadventures of this high-minded horse unfold, tears steal down plum-coloured pans, Ruff's Guide is flung aside, and that arduous false *bonhomie* gives place to genuine remorse for wasted lives. However, the boys soon recover.

"Six to two her dam's a roarer!"

"Even monkeys that mane's a wig!"

What they don't know (this chap adds) is that Goldilocks herself has a "book" with the fables on this annual performance. Which of her audience will be better or richer men in the forthcoming flat season? Which of them will be on the skids? How many can last another year with all that bloodpressure, the way they're going on? Which will be kicked to death first by some well-loved gee? Any child with a good slant on the Turf can make a packet this way.

Ordeal

DEATH in the afternoon is just a slice of pie, one gathers, to Manuel ("Manolete") Rodriguez, the current idol of Spanish democracy, said by competent critics to be the greatest classic espada of all time, the £500,000-a-year Beethoven of the Ring.

What is not a slice of pie even to Manolete, we dare guess, is that final ten minutes in his private apartments between the donning of his



Mr. W. C. Nisbett, Managing Director of "Illustrated Newspapers," presenting the first prize for the foursome to Mr. R. Bett and Mr. L. M. Masius, who were decisive winners at 9 up. Second-prize winners were Mr. R. E. Percival and Mr. J. Grant (2 up). The prize for best score under handicap for nine secret holes went to Mr. T. C. Grant

Standing By ...

parade-cloak, the *capote de pãseo*, and the welcome jingle of the mules attached to his barouche as they arrive below to take him to the arena; a space of time fifty times more nerve-racking, an *aficionado* once assured us, than the onrush of the freshest and fiercest Miura bull. It is these last few minutes of waiting which give the most dauntless espada that waxen pallor, beaded with tiny points of sweat, you see on the face of a Government back-bencher who has blundered into the wrong Lobby by mistake and on emerging finds the Party Whips' eyes on him.

"Hey, you!"

"S-sorry, I made a m-mistake."

"He made a mistake, Charley."

"Well, well, *well*, just fancy that! He made a mistake!"

In France the poor devil might get away with it possibly by saying he got into the wrong Lobby by following one of the Parliamentary Glamour Girls (*une poule législative*) in a romantic dream, but that won't get past any Whip at Westminster. Oh, the cold savagery in those ruthless eyes. So you didn't *know*? All right. Room 79 at 5.30.

But an espada, sweating equally, cannot run for it.

Surprise

At a recent party we met (1) an African big-game hunter and (2) a chap who has explored the remote and beautiful hinterland of Peru; both free, white, and over twenty-one. Neither looked or behaved in the least like their counterparts in fiction. Still more odd, neither was named Carew.

Tough bronzed Nordic types on *safari* in magazines and novels are all named Carew, according to our experience. There is also "Mad" Carew, a careless, looselimbbed, devilish type with a little trim black moustache and a bitter laugh, who figures in Imperial Verse. Unlike the open-air Carews, "Mad" (or "Swaggering") Carew has a Past, connected (so far as we recall) with a Broken-Winded Woman and a Little Green-Eyed God in Khatmandu. Socially, we fear, a crashing bore, like a few of Kipling's conquerors. Anyhow, it seemed all wrong for the two modest chaps we met to be going round and not calling themselves Carew, so by now they have probably started changing their names by deed-poll.

Apropos, it is not generally known that Livingstone, who likewise totally lacked swagger, used a pseudonym for emergency purposes, such as being suddenly discovered by a bouncing chap like Stanley. Casting round for an alternative name suggestive of great, true, violet-like, illustrious modesty, Livingstone had just hit on the ideal one when Stanley burst through the Bush.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"My name is Agate. Good morning."

This put Stanley in a nice quandary, requiring two elephants and sixteen native bearers to pull him out.

Treat

A PART from being entitled to cry "*Haro!*" "*Haro!*", etc., under Norman Law at a certain stage of legal vexation, the citizens of Guernsey enjoy so little excitement that the newly-won privilege of divorcing each other under the Matrimonial Causes Law (1946) will probably have the majority of them skipping all over the island.

As elsewhere, there will undoubtedly be a certain number of Guerneseyais who don't really want to get rid of their wives but can't bear not being "in the swim." For these an old Norman custom exists of slipping the lawyers a bagful of dough (*pognon*) for a bogus divorce and getting it back secretly next day with the return of their wives. On not getting his dough back a complainant will cry: "*Haro! Haro! Mon prince, on me fait tort!*" in the traditional manner; to which the lawyers (probably a firm called Chose, Chose, Chose, Chose, Machin, Machin, et Chose) will cry back in legal Norman-French: "*Va te faire fiche, coco!*" The complainant is then thrust down several steps into the street and the quaint old procedure is over.

Lecture

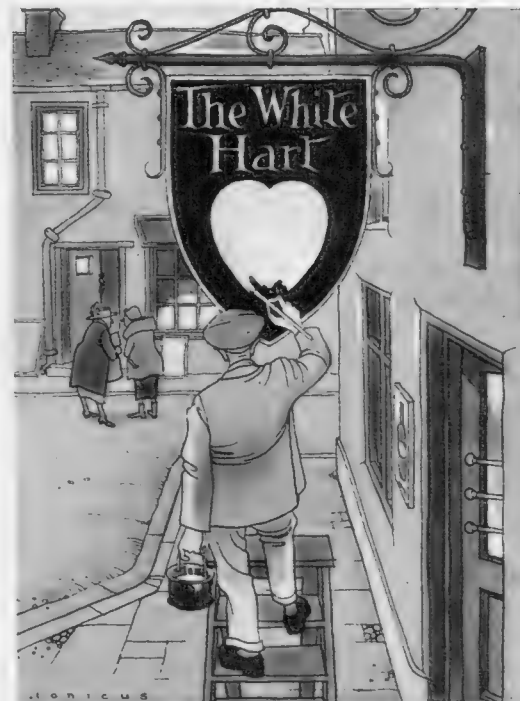
ANOTHER milestone in our headlong progress towards Utopia is the refusal of an Essex rural council to provide bathrooms in new houses unless "essential for health reasons." Which will place the happy occupants on a level, hygienically speaking, with the best Victorian, Georgian, Augustan, Jacobean, and Elizabethan society.

The Middle Ages loved the bath, as is amply established. By the Age of Reason the Island Race had become very mucky indeed, and stinkards abounded in the highest society, our favourite example being the dashing wit and man-about-town Topham Beauclerk, of the St. Albans family, who, as Horace Walpole noted, was not only dirty but verminous under his powder, velvet, and silk. Actors playing 18th-century dukes don't scratch themselves half enough.

As for your Victorian great-grandmother, who lived in a big house in Belgravia, she had no bath-complex either. Servants brought a hip-bath at intervals into her bedroom, and she dabbed genteelly with a sponge. Sahibs who had caught the trick from watching natives bathing in India (rum little devils) needed something more, however. So they founded the Bath Club. Our next slide shows Mount Vesuvius in eruption. (*Clk, clk.*) Thank you, Miss Whibble.



"It keeps him quiet . . ."



"Now Peterson has quite a different technique"

Pictures in the Fire

By *Sabretache*

WHILST we all paid our tribute to the intrepid Mr. Tami Mauriello for rushing at the Brown Bomber and handing him one that sent him staggering back to the ropes (after that and for the next 2 mins. 9 secs. "it was a massacre," conducted by Mr. Joe Louis), no one has said a single word of praise for the Third Man in the Ring.

No referee has ever got as much of the lime-light as he deserves. To be in such close proximity to two such gentlemen as Messrs. Louis and Mauriello demands just as much courage as was no doubt displayed by those who had to referee those thrilling contests in the Colosseum at the peak of its colourful career. *Panem et circenses* were the favourite methods of electioneering campaigners at that time. To-day they seem to think bread-rationing is better.

It may be taken that the *pollice versâ* glamour girls in the front row of the Colosseum dress-circle were not the sole arbiters. Let us visualise the horrible risks of the man down below during a trident and net championship, and the still more uncomfortable moments when the aspirant for the Lonsdale Belt of the period had to take on a hungry and unpleasant herd of Libyan lions and even tigers from distant forests. Yet history does not record a single instance of anyone having given the referee a pat on the back. It would seem to be hardly arguable that the risks are just as great to-day; yet this same abuse continues.

Some Others

IT is good to note that some other members of the submerged classes are being shown a little human kindness, for even some of our starchiest periodicals have commended our dentists for not succumbing to the strike epidemic. It is high time that this benevolent section of society got its due. No one has ever sufficiently realised what masters of tact dentists are. What aplomb and *bonhomie* they possess! "There is no need to be alarmed, my dear Sir. Look at me, I'm not afraid! Now just open the mouth wide. . . ."

The dentists are not the only sufferers from an age-long injustice. Take solicitors, and even judges, retired field officers from Poona, the Capital, in fact the only town in India, so we are given to understand, grass widows, plumbers, Inland Revenue officers, auctioneers, policemen, sergeant-majors; no one gives them a celluloid cat's chance. The comedian, the dramatist, the film people, all hold them up to scorn.

Have we ever yet met a solicitor as a hero of romance? Yet some of them are extremely personable. How are judges and generals presented to us? And as for grass-widows, it is not possible to set down what the dramatists and others say of them. Not a shred of virtue is permitted, and it is just as bad as what they do to Colonel Chinstrap and Major-General Blimp of either Bombay or PooNAH. It is all so grossly unfair.

From a New Zealand Master

IHAVE just received the following interesting letter from an old friend, Mr. C. Leslie Orbell, who has been Master of the Pentlow Harriers at Timaru for twenty-four seasons, and whom I have not met since he came to that hog-hunters' dinner we had in London in 1929. Apparently things are not very much easier in that far-away land than they are here, and they suffer badly from the fodder difficulty, to say nothing about the people who run the country.

I hope Leslie Orbell is a true prophet, and that hunting in this country will come back. During the war, and since, it has been very slow on the feather, to put it quite mildly, and what the future holds is anyone's guess. Things have so fundamentally altered, and our old enemy L.S.D. quite apart, the complete change in the system of National Defence brought about by the discovery of the appalling new weapon,

which the scientists tell us can be carried round the world non-stop, is bound to give even the boldest a bit of a pause. However, "Man never is, but always to be blessed." And here is my friend's letter:

I read an article of yours in *The Tatler* the other day about hunting in England, and it reminded me that I have not written to you for many a long day and that perhaps you will be interested to hear how things are in N.Z.

I can quite understand that hunting is hard to get going again after all these years of war and what old England has gone through. The fodder question must be serious, as corn is scarce and all that can be produced is required for human consumption. Once things settle down, I feel sure that hunting will once more come into its own, and I hope that polo also will be as good as pre-war.

As far as N.Z. is concerned and our own pack, we only hold a few by-meets each year, just enough to keep the pack going and enter a few young hounds. We are in the fortunate position of having a first-class pack all ready to hunt. We made a start last month and have had some fair days. Fields are small and horses are the trouble, as most of the pre-war horses are getting too old and there have been no young ones made during the war.

Racing is booming in N.Z. and we have splendid fields and wonderful attendances. The three main cups each carry a stake of £5000 and the Trotting Cup was worth £7500 this year. There are three steeplechases this year of £3000 and hurdle races are nearly as good. N.Z. has been importing good stallions from England during the war and our thoroughbreds are improving every year. Coronach has done well here at the stud, and has left some fine horses who are winning good races.

I gave up the Mastership of the South Canterbury Hounds this year after twenty-four years. I thought it was time to hand over to younger men. I still hope to hunt for some years.

My family were lucky in the war. I have no son but four daughters, and all four sons-in-law came through safely. One in the Navy had a wonderful time. He was in command of a destroyer and spent most of the war in the Mediterranean and, as far as I can see, got into almost every show there was and came through without a scratch and very little damage to his ship. The others were in the N.Z. Division and went through most of the whole show. . . .

Kirby Gate

JUST in case there may be a renaissance, and adventurous youth may get the chance, here is rather a good wrinkle for him if he finds himself at Gartree Hill on any future first Monday in November and may feel like going. It concerns that ditch on the right-hand side of the road leading up to the famous covert. It is most useful.

For the benefit of those who do not know, Kirby Gate is quite a long jog to the draw and the column in the days, which it is almost a pain to recall, when it was well over cavalry regimental strength on a war footing. They held it up at that gate by Gartree Hill. Here is where the ditch comes in. If you do not happen to be near the front end you will never get a start, for the squash used to be tremendous, and usually it was a very quick getaway. So hop off the road and into that ditch, and proceed stealthily to make your way forward. There is quite a sound bottom, and it is wide enough to accommodate anything bar a Clydesdale.

Once you get to the gate end, if not impeded by anyone who has spotted your little ruse, it is roses all the way: nothing to stop anything that is half a horse or a quarter of a man, all grass, no particularly vulgar fences—not even the timber. It is only a biscuit-shy to Burrough Hill, a rather favourite point with a faint-hearted vulp, but there is so much beyond whichever way he turns, and it is not too bad when the wind lets him go down south. He is bound to go down or across the wind as soon as he gets the chance.



Roger Wethered, who was elected captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in 1939, playing himself into office recently from the first tee on the old course at St. Andrews



D. R. Stuart

Junior Tennis Champions of Britain for 1946: Paddy Roberts, of Torquay, at sixteen the most promising boy player since Fred Perry, and Patricia Rodgers, of Sydenham



W/Cdr. Sir Louis Greig, Deputy Ranger of Richmond Park, in his study at the Lodge, which was built by Robert Walpole in the seventeenth century. The King is Senior Ranger

SCOREBOARD



ST. ANDREWS captains drive themselves into office at the hangman's hour of eight, when morning still staggers from its victory over night. Those of us who have driven off from that first tee on even the most secular occasions will recall, if they are

honest and of sound testamentary disposition, the dread onslaught of eleventh-hour willies, compared with which bridegroom's breeze is a mere half-holiday.

There, behind you, frowns the club-house of the Royal and Ancient, that perfect architectural marriage of the Scottish Baronial and the Marine Commercial. Within it, if the hour be early afternoon, half the members are recovering from port wine; the other half are wondering how that new member passed the Qualifications Committee. A Pressman, perhaps? But now you are on the tee. You are not to know that the player waiting behind you with a bag like a Saratoga trunk is not an amateur ex-champion, but Mr. Biggs from Bognor Regis, handicap 20.

What comfort that acres of harmless greenery await the manly hook, that a balmy wind comes as from the Garden of the Hesperides? Whang! The ball scuffles dejectedly past mid-off. The whole world is laughing; and Mr. Biggs of Bognor Regis sniffs.

I CAN think of none less liable to such sensations than the new St. Andrews captain, Roger Wethered. True, he is a great golfer; possibly the greatest English amateur of the last twenty-five years. But, especially from the tee, he has always suffered from a magnificent uncertainty such as was said to belong to a famous actor who was always apt to say "If it were done when 'twere done" instead of "To be or not to be." At these moments Wethered shows the serenity as of the ancient gods when they discharged a thunderbolt on the wrong mortal. I once saw him hit a drive off the heel between an old lady and her Sealyham. Raising his cap, he politely expressed the hope that the dog had not noticed anything out of the ordinary.

His wit is dry Monopole. Shortly before the war he was in the process of winning the President's Putter of the Oxford and Cambridge Society at Rye for the howmanyeth time. A gale blew. In mid-struggle an admirer approached him and said, "How do you stand?" "With the utmost difficulty," replied the slender Wethered. One summer, Wethered tied for the Open with little Jock Hutchison, losing on the replay. A few days afterwards I saw him on the awful old Cowley Course, playing a single with an elderly don who used a driver at the short holes; and enjoying it.

THE way in which the devotees of different sports conduct their club dinners would interest any psychologist whose mind is not wholly darkened by sex. The cricketers make very long speeches, describing matches of the past and forecasting those of the future. The Rugby footballers, aware of the approach of closing-time, make very short speeches, praising their fellow-players, belittling their own abilities, and stating that everyone present is an absolutely magnificent chap. The golfers wear red uniform if they can, rise to their feet as if by miracle, forget what they were going to say, and sit down again, just in time. The lawn-tennis players don't risk dinners, sticking to cocktail parties. Of the anglers I know nothing for certain. But I presume they sit six yards apart from each other, to give them room for explanations.

R. C. Rolleston Glasgow.



Miss H. Spinks, Miss Jillian Summers, who is the daughter of Mr. G. Spencer Summers, former M.P. for Northampton, Mrs. R. L. Agnew and Miss Lavinia Agnew



Mrs. P. M. Lamb, who was a competitor, Miss Patricia Selkirk-Wells and Mrs. Selkirk-Wells, with a handsome collection of canine charm



Miss N. Hellaby, James Cunningham, Mrs. E. Groves, Sally Cunningham and Cdr. and Mrs. Cunningham enjoying a picnic lunch

Holloway, Northampton

At Buckingham Horse Show



C. Stanley Priestley

H. de Vere Stacpoole

With over sixty books to his name already the veteran author is shown in characteristic attitude writing another in the study of his home, Cliff Dene, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. Although his name is almost invariably linked with such novels as *The Blue Lagoon* and *The Pools of Silence*, he has published a wide range of other work, including poems, and translations of François Villon and Sappho. He is a Justice of the Peace for Essex, where he has a house near Chelmsford, and is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"Britannia Mews"

"Le Livre du Courage et de la Peur"

"Lord of the Sorcerers"

I THINK it likely that, just at present, nobody much wants a realistic novel. Few people, at any rate, want a novel in which the emotions are realistic, or in which the characters are plumbed to their depths. In the last few years, we have all had to feel too much—and, also, have learned to know too many people too well. A short (possibly) phase of comfortable superficiality, both in life and in fiction, is what we need: it would do us all the good in the world. When I say superficiality, I mean a deliberate skating over the surface; *not* fake profundity. Unconscious superficiality in a novel is a horrible fault; as, indeed, it is in a person.

I hope that Margery Sharp may not be offended if I describe her *Britannia Mews* (Collins; 10s. 6d.) as an admirably, intentionally superficial novel. Really she is a mistress of this vein—which is, as I have suggested, just the vein for to-day. Her taste is excellent: she may understate feeling, but she is never satirical about it in the wrong place. A marionette theatre plays quite an important part in *Britannia Mews*; and so much did Miss Sharp communicate to me her relish for this delightful

subject that I began to wonder whether she herself might not be a born manipulator of marionettes. This novel of hers has the character of a play of that kind: one is fascinated by the sheer performance, by the astonishing *lifelikeness*—one of those triumphs of art which one does not for a moment connect with *life*.

FRANKLY, I think the plot of *Britannia Mews* preposterous; for this reason—it is a plot based on character, on the behaviour of people; and the characters are totally inconsistent—or, at any rate, change as the tale proceeds so completely that, did they not continue to carry the same names, one might not by the final chapter recognise them. Of some novels, this would be a damning criticism; of *Britannia Mews* I cannot feel that it is. Miss Sharp succeeds with her leopards who change their spots.

She succeeds because she is an excellent story-teller: nobody but a fool interrupts a well-told story to protest, "But *could* this possibly happen?" She keeps tension, of an agreeable kind, throughout what might be, in other hands, a formless and rambling family chronicle, beginning in 1875 and ending in 1944.

She is an adept describer of situations—whether comic or merely piquant, embarrassing or exciting. Her *manner*, in fact, is the thing. Having perfected this manner, she tells in the accents of comedy what could, in the main, be a terribly sombre story. What, one may wonder, would the effects have been had Jane Austen elected to write *Wuthering Heights*? (Much as I admire Miss Sharp, I do not, I must make quite clear, consider her to be another Jane Austen: I merely, to point my meaning, imagine an extreme case.)

A DELAIDE LAMBERT (*née* Culver) is the daughter of a prosperous, late-Victorian, middle-class London family who, in her early twenties, elopes with her drawing master and goes to live in a slum, Britannia Mews, at the back of her former Bayswater home. No grand passion accounts for this bold step; it is simply that Henry Lambert happens to be the first young man who, in Adelaide's correct, somewhat stuffy existence, has made to her a direct romantic approach. In fact, he kisses her during a drawing lesson—at which, owing to a breakdown in the usual system of chaperonage, the two for the

first time find themselves *tête-à-tête*. Unaware, until it is too late, that Henry is in the habit of kissing any of his young lady pupils whenever opportunity offers, Adelaide concentrates on marriage, unmoved by her family's disapproval. Henry's total passivity in the matter, from start to finish, is, like his flitting affections, only clear to her, later, when she has burnt her boats. Now this is where, in an emotionally realistic novel, heartbreak would come in—for, after all, Adelaide, whose sole fault is that of being extremely bossy, is not without a heart. But this, also, is equally just the point where emotional realism would be drab. Therefore, Miss Sharp makes Adelaide impermeable. We read of her life with the drunken Henry, of its catastrophic end, and of her revolting enslavement to Mrs. Mounsey, with no more emotion than we might read an account of our heroine doing her morning's shopping.

The Mews

"BRITANNIA MEWS" has, really, two heroines; through, her first-cousin-once-removed (not *niece*, surely?), Dodo Baker, who in the year 1922 flees her Surbiton milieu and a Surbiton marriage in search of Bohemian life. It is of these two women that I remark that they change more fundamentally, as the story goes on, than could ever be possible in life. But a third character, also, looms large: the Mews itself. When we first meet Britannia Mews, in 1875, it is still fulfilling the respectable purpose for which it was designed—that of containing the horses, carriages, coachmen of the families in Albion Place. This is during Adelaide's childhood; by the time of her marriage decay and squalor have set in: the once-cosy kitchens of coachmen's wives house rag-and-bone women, drunks, derelicts, fly-by-nights. Next phase: the great mews boom of the 1920's—jade-painted front doors, amours and bottle parties. Britannia Mews, however, gains peculiar distinction by the artistic and fashionable success of the marionette theatre by which Adelaide and the Gilbert who is Henry's successor make both fortune and name.

What one might call the domestic supporting cast in *Britannia Mews* is tip-top. Adelaide's cousin Alice, her brother Treff, the tribes of Hambro and Baker relatives, Dodo Baker's Surbiton fiancé, Tom—all these serve to fill in any possible vacuum left by the insufficiency of the central characters. And the family conversations! . . . If Miss Sharp by-passes reality (sometimes) in regard to the way that people behave and feel, she is never off the mark as to how they talk. Her dialogue is brilliant, uncannily true. Her Mews characters seemed to me less successful—picturesque, sinister, comic, but, too much, types.

Courage and Fear

"LE LIVRE DU COURAGE ET DE LA PEUR," by "Remy" (Aux Trois Couleurs, Raoul Solar, Paris), has impressed me so deeply that I am moved to break what I feel to be an unwritten law—that of not reviewing foreign books (except in their English translations) in these pages. Whether *The Book of Courage and Fear* will ever be translated, and published for us in England, I do not know—frankly, I think quite possibly not: it is a book about French people, for French people; intimate, detailed and not in the more obvious sense dramatic. At the same time, it is a book that belongs to humanity: fundamentally, its subject is humanity—its endurance, its capacity for faith, its power to rise to sublime heights. I must say, I do very much hope that some English publisher may be emboldened to give it to us here.

Meanwhile, for English readers who can read French, it is a book very much worth obtaining. I have not, by the way, in my heading, put the price in francs, as this had been removed, with the cover-band, from the copy given to me in France. The book has been recently published here (in France) and I know the price to be not forbiddingly high.

"Remy" (with, as alternative, "Jean-Luc") is the Resistance pseudonym of Gilbert Renault, leader and organiser of a Resistance "ring." He has compiled *Le Livre du Courage et de la*

BOWEN ON BOOKS

Peur from the memoirs of men and women who survived imprisonment by the Gestapo in France and, in many cases, subsequent deportation to Germany. These people not only gave him their own stories but were able to fill in a picture of the last days of those who did not survive—who died in prisons in France or camps in Germany, who were executed, or who "disappeared." "Remy" has in the main confined himself to the adventures of characters in his own Paris ring, and their families—though he does here and there mention members of other (for instance, Bordeaux) rings with whom he came in contact in the course of his work. Also, we have Brittany characters, fishermen and quiet, small-town folk, who helped with the secret, desperately dangerous journeys to and from England.

All Sorts

THE book contains one corrupt, and memorably corrupt, character: the traitor, Pierre Cartaud (pseudonym, "Capri"), who, almost gratuitously, denounced to the Gestapo a long list of his former fellow-workers in the Resistance. This young man seems to have done evil for evil's sake: his mentality and twisted motives have a sort of horrible fascination—even the Germans, whose tool he was, despised him. His first victims were his own adopted parents, in whose friendly Bordeaux house he had lived like another son. From his photograph, "Capri" looks a gigolo type. Summoned by the Gestapo to identify arrested persons, he would brazen the situation out—though it is on record that "Capri" writhed, at moments, under the eyes of his former friends.

This one case of villainy does serve, however, to throw the good faith of others into relief. The arrests, the Gestapo ordeals, were not confined to those who were *active* members of the ring: their mothers, wives, sisters were swept in, and, in default of the wanted person, imprisoned and put through gruelling interrogatories. It is the behaviour and feelings of those people—quiet, elderly ladies, sheltered and formerly somewhat conventional girls, home-loving young wives—which is really the most moving part of *The Book of Courage and Fear*. Many of the families in this group were of the middle class, conventional, law-abiding—not families which, normally, turn out either emancipated or adventurous women. These mothers, daughters, sisters and wives, snatched from their homes under terrifying circumstances, had nothing but their wits and their unbreakable loyalty to France and their loved ones to fall back on. Their loneliness was complete, and despair threatened—but never quite gained ground.

There is something almost Biblical about the stories of these people: in the prison scenes, one is reminded of the Early Christians. The adventures of Maisie and Isabelle Renault, the author's eldest and youngest sister, first in the Fresnes and then in the Santé Prison, their interrogations by Kramm, their communications (by the bizarre and unsavoury "telephone") with their unseen fellow-prisoners, provide some of the most moving pages in the book. The "telephone" conversations are on record. Many of the Fresnes prisoners—of whom a proportion were executed—were very young, and their talk has a sort of heroic childishness.

The quiet manner of this book makes its contents still more impressive. It is full of little touches of human nature—such as the affair of Isabelle's stockings. Accounts of secret journeys and tight corners also have their place.

Breaking the Curse

"LORD OF THE SORCERERS" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) is the latest, and a rattling good, Carter Dickson. Has the curse of Ancient Egypt fallen on Lord Severn and his daughter Helen, who have opened up, and removed a lamp from, a Pharaoh's tomb? It is prophesied that Helen shall be blown to dust and utterly disappear before she places the lamp in her room in England—and, sure enough, no sooner has the girl entered the front door of Severn Hall than she *does* vanish. On his return to the ancestral home, her father, apparently, follows suit. "H. M.", in better form than ever, plays the main role in the investigations.



Yevonde

Miss Judith Dugdale is the younger daughter of Sir William and Lady Dugdale, of Merivale Hall, Atherstone, and Blyth Hall, Coleshill, Warwickshire. Lady Dugdale is a daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Sir R. G. Gilmour, Bt.



Bassano

The Hon. Peggy Bowyer has recently announced her engagement to Lt. J. D. L. Repard, D.S.C., R.N. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Denham, of the Manor House, Weston Underwood, Olney, Bucks.



Pearl Freeman

Lady Sarah Savile is the youngest daughter of the late Earl of Mexborough and a sister of the present Earl, who succeeded his father in 1945. She is working at the Foreign Office, and during the war she was nursing for a period



THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER
OCTOBER 1946
56

Paterson — Berry

Mr. John Kirkpatrick Paterson, late Signal Officer, No. 1 Commando, S.E.A.C., son of Major and Mrs. D. S. Paterson, of Nevern Road, S.W.5, and Cobblers, Farnham Green, Essex, married Miss Mary Frances Berry, daughter of Capt. B. K. Berry, R.D., R.N.R., and of Mrs. Berry, of The Little House, Cliftonville, Dorking

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Llewellyn — Williams-Wynn

Capt. Michael R. Godfrey Llewellyn, Grenadier Guards, son of Col. and Mrs. Llewellyn, of Tredilion Park, Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, married Miss Bronwen Mary Williams-Wynn, daughter of Sir Watkin and Lady Williams-Wynn, of Wynnslay, Ruabon, North Wales, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Yates — Elton

Capt. William Yates, The Queen's Bays, elder son of the late Mr. William Yates and of Mrs. Renshaw, of Burrells, Appleby, Westmorland, married the Hon. Rosemary Elton, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Elton, of Adderbury, Oxfordshire, at St. Mary the Virgin, Adderbury



Macfarlane — Crosby

Mr. Thomas Macfarlane, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Macfarlane, of Newlands Road, Glasgow, married Miss Mary Isobel Crosby, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Crosby, of Glencairn Drive, Pollokshields, Glasgow, at Trinity Church, Pollokshields



Prittie — Dreyfus Dundas

The Hon. Terence Cornelius Prittie, younger son of Lord and Lady Dunalley, of Kilboy, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, married Miss Laura Dreyfus Dundas, only child of Mr. G. Dreyfus Dundas, of Colombia, South America, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Morgan — Gregson

Mr. Maurice E. Morgan, youngest son of the late Mr. A. R. Morgan, of Malaya, and of Mrs. E. Morgan, of Fitzjohn's Avenue, N.W.3, married Miss Marjorie D. Gregson, W.A.A.F., younger daughter of Major and Mrs. W. Gregson, of Kensington Mansions, S.W.5



Esdaile — Soubry

Mr. John Michael Esdaile, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. William Margrave Esdaile, of Driftway, Old Coulsdon, Surrey, married Miss Moira Barbara Soubry, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emile E. Soubry, of Westchester Club, Rye, York, at the Church of the English Martyrs, Streatham, S.W.

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A PAGE FOR THE UNDER-SEVENS

There is good news for parents in the announcement that the Jaeger Children's shop in Sloane Street is reopening to-day with all its pre-war facilities for mothers and nannies. On the right are two typical children's coats—light in weight, warm and very cosy. The little boy's coat has the latest raglan sleeve and can be worn open or closed at the throat. Both coats are made of good woollen cloth in various shades of fawn



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Janet's check woollen frock is made in several colours, including pink, yellow, green and blue, all with white overcheck. Price is from £2. 10. 8

**Jean
Lorimer's
Page**

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Two of the Zoo's new penguins take a good look at their English home—and seem inclined to be a trifle censorious

Game Warden—talking ABOUT ANIMALS

AFTER being without penguins during the war—they all died in the early days—the Zoo has a new company of these quaint gentlemen in morning coats and white shirt fronts. They are in the process of settling down in Regent's Park.

About seventy of them were brought over from the islands off the South African coast this spring, but they have required constant care and only now are they beginning to feed themselves.

On the way over not only did they all refuse to eat even the most tempting pieces of fish, but the anxious keepers had forcibly to feed every one. It was not just a case of putting food into the birds' mouths—it had to be massaged right down their gullets. No easy job with the heavy flippers buffeting and sharp beaks pecking away all the time. However, they are all now settling down satisfactorily in the penguins' pool, even performing aquatics with odd pieces of paper or other flotsam which gets into their pond.

Penguins have odd ways. In the mating season the male penguin presents his lady love with a stone. If she accepts his advances away he goes

and collects others, all of which he piles at her feet until a sufficient number are gathered to form a home. But on the other hand, if the lady proves temperamental she just hits out at him with her flippers and beak, plainly indicating the "friendship" is unwanted.

The penguin, of which there are about twenty species, lays only one egg which it tucks away between the feet; sometimes it balances the egg on its webbed foot.

WHEN the youngster is born it's a tiny caricature of its parents. Clothed in a shaggy brownish coat rather like a human Arctic outfit, the parents feed it on fish until it is old enough to fend for itself. Once it reaches that stage the parents let it go and have nothing more to do with it, very much as all wild creatures do.

On land the penguin is a slow, ungainly bird proving an easy prey to seal, bear and other creatures that feed on it. But in the water it is as swift as a fish and can get up enough momentum to clear over two feet on to an ice-floe in a flash.



"What's this contraption?" The newcomers are dubious about venturing down the famous helical "bridge" of the penguin pool

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Mr. Geoffrey de Havilland, who was killed over the Thames Estuary while flying a DH108 jet aircraft: a photograph taken at the Lympne Air Races last month, in which he flew a Vampire

Oliver Steward

on FLYING

FOR the vivid descriptive phrase, one should go to the uninstructed observer. The expert is gagged with his own knowledge. After I had been looking at the astonishing visual phenomena which accompanied the final runs made by the Meteors over the world record course at Rustington, I returned to my hotel wondering how on earth to express concisely what I had seen.

"... All the Ectoplasm"

IN long rambling sentences it was easy enough. The aircraft had been flying at speeds approaching one thousand kilometres an hour in very humid air. In fact the humidity was one hundred per cent that morning, which means that the air was holding all the water it could carry. When the aircraft were being subjected to compressibility effects as they moved along the course, the shock waves around wings, fuselage and engine nacelles were suddenly made visible by the condensation. We were therefore actually watching the behaviour of the air round the machine.

Waterton and Duke each experienced this effect to such an extent that, from the western timing point, their aircraft almost entirely disappeared from view. They became clothed in their own little clouds of condensation. All that could be seen—for a moment—was a small, roundish cloud, rushing along the three kilometres base.

But how to summarize all this in a word? It was not until I got back to the hotel that two good descriptions were presented to me. First someone asked: "What was all the ectoplasm?" and then a woman who had been near the timing point said: "Why were they wearing haloes this morning?" That is the term. It is a high speed halo which appears when aircraft move through humid air close to the speed of sound.

Geoffrey de Havilland

IT is not my custom in these pages to look on the sad side, for we must all face enough sadness in the ordinary course of existence. But for this once I must break my rule and refer to the tragic loss of young Geoffrey de Havilland. The heart of everyone in aviation was deeply wounded when the news came through that he was missing.

It was just before he was due at Tangmere to attack Donaldson's record—a record he might have broken by a large margin. The accident itself has been fully discussed; but I must add something about the man. There was no greater pilot; no more delightful personality. And as a member of the most famous air family in the world—a family which has been making and flying aeroplanes since the pioneer days, his name had a universal renown.

It is now poignant to recall young Geoffrey's brilliant aerobatic displays; his vertical turns inside the confines of the aerodrome in a Vampire or in the DH108; his upward rolls and the dash and zest of the whole show.

No one could do it quite so well; no one could leave the spectators quite so staggered and startled. And his ordinary test work had the same quality of skilful gusto. I said when he was alive, and I say again now, that he was Britain's greatest pilot.

Economics of Business Flying

THE display of aircraft for business men at White Waltham was a good idea, for which the organizing club deserves praise. And it was useful to have the high landing fees mentioned again and severely criticized.

Business houses which think of buying and running aeroplanes of their own see, immediately they go into the figures, that, to be economic, the aircraft must be used hard. If it is in the hangar three-quarters of the year it is an expensive and useless luxury. If it is in continual use it will increase overall efficiency and, in the end, pay its way.

Unfortunately the huge landing fees now scheduled tend to turn this simple situation inside out. For they affect the running costs. The business man can no longer put out a large sum for a good aircraft in the certainty that, if he uses it a great deal, the cost per mile will be small.

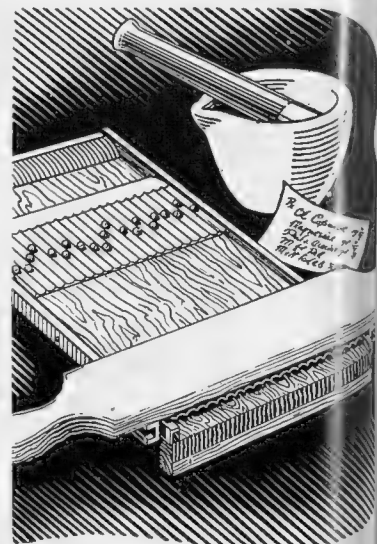
But perhaps a distinction should be drawn between the firm's aircraft and the head of the firm's personal aircraft. I imagine that with the personal aircraft, running costs matter less and first costs more. Incidentally there was the Chrislea Ace among the personal aircraft at White Waltham and I think it was doing its first public flying display.



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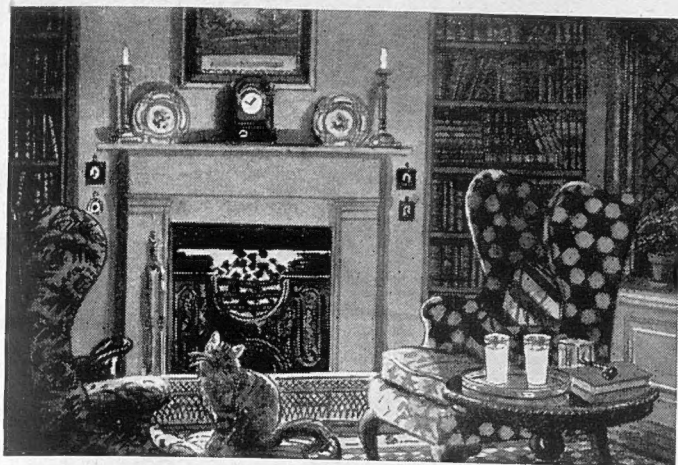
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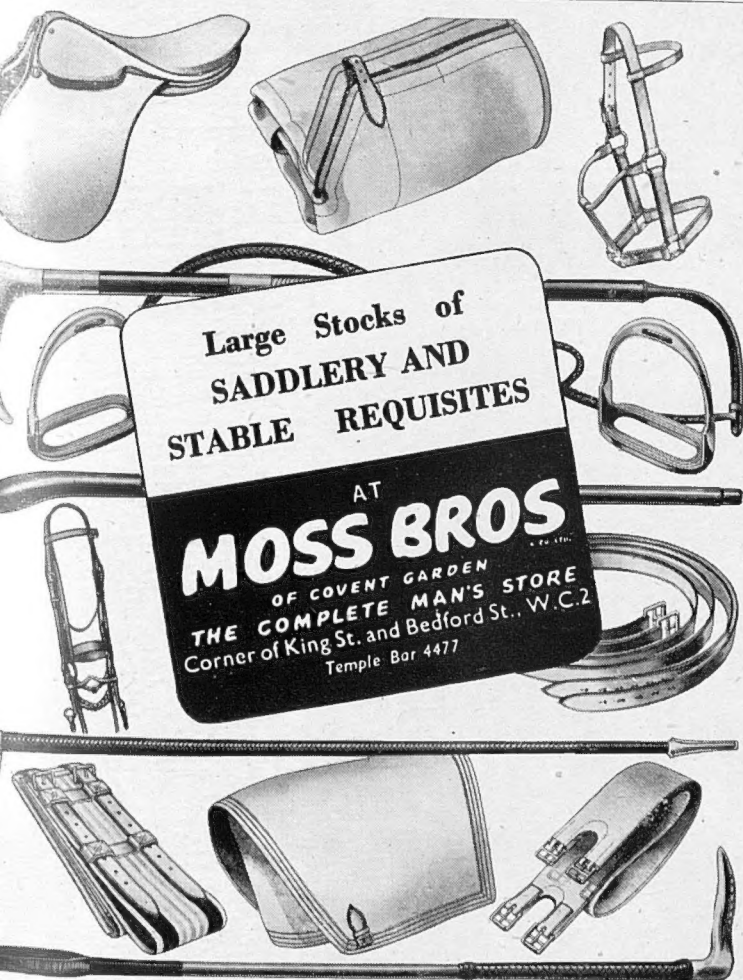
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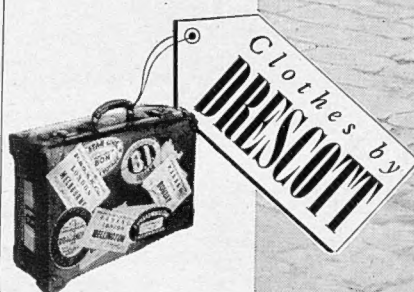
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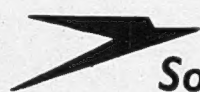
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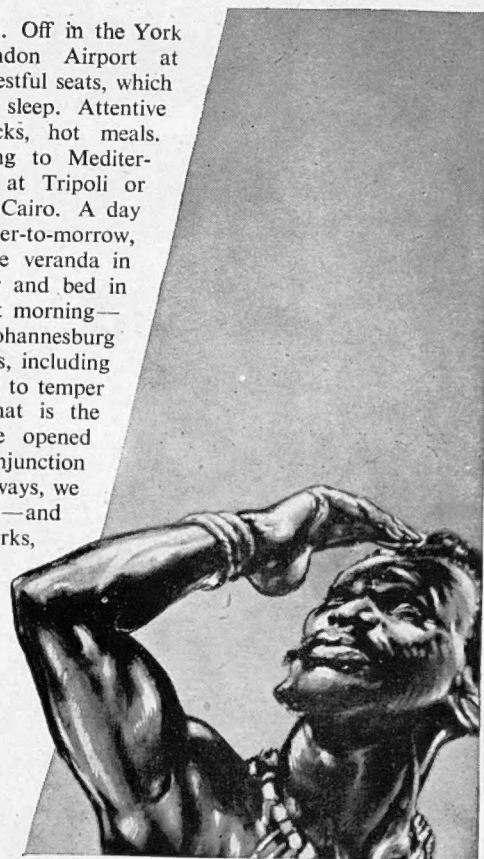
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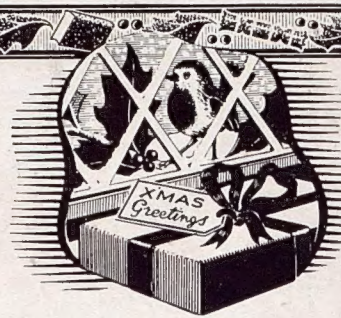
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